

Golden Sun The Final Chapter

Story: Golden Sun The Final Chapter

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/4293619/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Adventure/Romance

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Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/486840/>

Last updated: 06/02/2008

Words: 7670

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: An ending I wrote a while back but just now finished.

***Chapter 1*: Golden Sun The Final Chapter**

Golden Sun- The Final Chapter Revised

As a note, I'm not alive. I'm not dead to the fan-fiction writing world, but I'm also not an active participant anymore. :P This work was just sitting on my computer half-finished and I thought I would go ahead and write a suitable ending for it.

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Golden Sun- The Final Chapter

"Let's finish this!" a commanding voice yelled, its owner standing with his sword ready. Ahead, an enormous dragon stood glaring down at the eight adepts and one senile old man that now confronted it. However, it could not revel in the ecstasy of its rage eternally. Launching skyward with its titanic wings it prepared to bring down a cruel rain of doom upon the adepts with the full force of its might.

This was going to be the epilogue to the battle, the final move before the winners were decided. In that time, the eight banded together, unleashing their most powerful attacks to destroy the vile dragon. If the story had ended at that, the adepts could have lived the rest of their lives happily. Tragedy was a shared fate among them though and what should have been a victory was stolen right from under them.

"Life is nothing like a fairy tale, I suppose," a young blonde man whispered as he lay in the soft green grass of a giant meadow, shaking of his lonely reverie with that one

sentence. His azure eyes opening to the bright sunlight that poured down through the clouds. Perhaps he would still be with his companion if their grand adventure across Weyward had ended differently those three years ago.

Yet they had parted paths at the end of their journey. None had meant for them to be separated, however they grew further apart as time passed. The quest that had united them drove them apart in the end.

Shaking his head, the man rose up from the grass, using his gloved hands to brush off his dark blue tunic and breeches. He then stood, testing his boots and running a hand through his spiky hair. Reaching down, he picked up his sword, carefully unraveling his yellow scarf from around it and strapping it across his back. Lastly, he tied the yellow scarf around his neck, allowing it to trail behind him in the wind.

The man hardened his emotions as he continued his journey, knowing that all his wishful thinking wouldn't change his current situation, nor would it help him on his mission. Sighing softly to himself, he continued his southern track toward the village of Suhalla. One thing was for sure though; he wished he had the teleport lapis.

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The sun was laying low against the horizon when the man finally entered the village, the fading orange glow casting monstrous shadows over the deathly silent town. An eerie feeling welled up in the man's stomach as he walked through the empty streets, the only sound present the scraping of blowing sand against the stone buildings. As the man drew closer to the Sanctum, he realized why Iodem had requested his assistance. Something was horribly wrong in Suhalla.

The man drew his sword when he reached the Sanctum, carefully placing his hand on the wooden door and pulling it open. Suddenly, the door gave way, not revealing what the man had originally feared, but the empty benches and podium of an abandoned sanctum. For a moment, the man stood in the doorway, baffled by the strange emptiness that pervaded the village. There was one sound permeating the silence however, a slight whimper originating in the Sanctum that beckoned him deeper in.

As he made his way around the podium, he was greeted with the first person he had seen since entering the village. A young girl was curled up under the podium, her face hidden by her long blonde hair. The man quickly sheathed his sword and called out to her, doing his best to not frighten her, "Are you hurt?"

The man could see the girl barely shake her head. He started to reach his hand out to the girl, but she quickly flinched away, her recent experiences inciting her fear to new heights. The man spoke softly despite that, reaching further until he was able to touch the girl's shaking arm, "Would you come with me to look for survivors?"

"Everyone is gone," the man could barely hear the girl whisper. In that one sentence, he could hear the days of tortuous screams and sights that this young girl had endured. It was a deep primal fear he heard, and it shook his bones. "They were all taken away."

"Then let me take you to Tolbi," the man tried again, only to have the girl shrink further away from his touch. She was afraid, but it wasn't of him. Outside, the sun finally sank below the westward mountains, the light fading away quickly into the darkness of night.

"They're coming," the man could hear the girl whisper. With that declaration a bone-rattling scream resonated from outside, the call echoing throughout the village. It was answered by the calls of its brethren, the noise scraping through the desert night. "You'll be taken away just like everyone else."

The man shook his head and stood, walking toward the door and drawing his sword. Moonlight bathed his figure as he stood at the exit, ready for a battle. His voice took on an air of confidence as he stood as a darkened silhouette, "What is your name?"

"Sarah," the girl whispered, her hazel eyes peeking from around the podium, watching the gallant swordsman in awe.

"Well my name is Isaac. It's nice to meet you," Isaac turned and let his face take on an assured grin. "Sarah, I want you to barricade this door as best as you can and wait until I come back for you."

With that, Isaac closed the doors to the Sanctum, stepping outside into the dark streets of Suhalla. He stopped in the center of the street, turning to meet the dark red of a monstrous monster legion. Twenty dark forms glared down at Isaac, their bloodthirsty gaze locking onto their new prey. On the roof of the inn, he could see the pale violet glow of a summoning spell, the castor's psynergy allowing the monsters passage into the world.

"You're all mere imitations," Isaac growled as he released part of his alchemic power, calling forth great stone spires from the ground to skewer his foes. Five of the dark monsters fell in that one attack, confirming their inauthentic origins. They were nothing like the many different monsters he and his friends had faced during their journey. With the

opening attack complete, Isaac rushed into the monster ranks, his sword a flashing maelstrom as he felled one weakling after another.

Finally, he stood before the last of the dark forms, a giant mass of darkness standing tall in front of the inn. Seizing his opportunity, Isaac slashed through the monster's defenses with a quick swipe, then jumping onto the monster's body and vaulting onto the inn's roof. It was time to finish the battle.

"Where are you?" Isaac yelled when he realized that the rooftop was empty, the caster having already fled. He angrily sheathed his sword, mad that the person had gotten away. Looking down though, Isaac notices that the caster did leave something behind. He kneeled and began examining the carved circle that was etched on the inn's roof. It was a circle for a continuous summoning, carved using psynergy. Isaac ran his hand across the symbols, feeling the power that still remained. He knew he couldn't leave the circle active though, and quickly drew out a knife to cut a break in the circle and nullify the spell.

As Isaac stood from his completed task, the wind picked up, causing a small piece of paper to flutter into his face. He grabbed it as it danced in the wind, noticing a note written hastily on one side. Isaac read it aloud, a chill running down his spine as he view its contents, "It is good that you haven't lost your fighting spirit, Isaac. Perhaps the next three tests will prove more challenging."

Across the bottom of the page, a single name was scrawled, a name that cause so much trouble. It was the name of the person that had been prepared to sacrifice anyone for his foolish ambitions. It was the name of the man he thought

had died in the collapse of Mount Aleph. It was the name Alex.

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Isaac leaned back into his chair, taking in the sound of the Tolbi Inn from under his brown cloak. After winning in the Colosso tournament, it was easier to hide from his fame if people didn't see his face. Taking a momentary sip of his drink, he then returned his attention to the note that sat upon the table. After returning from his mission and taking Sarah to Iodem's palace, he had rented a room at the inn. Now he sat at a table, pondering the note before him.

Iodem was another sad reminder of his failure. During his journey he had never been able to make it to Lemuria to save the ailing Babi's life. When Iodem had contacted him, he had learned of the old man's demise, and it had added yet another blemish to his heart.

He couldn't believe that Alex was still alive, even after being buried in the collapse of Mount Aleph. The man's ambition seemed to thwart death better than the Stone of Sages. Isaac had thought he would never have to see the man again, yet now an entire village had disappeared, destroyed by Alex's malice.

"Do you mind if I join you?" a deep voice spoke behind Isaac, the man's visage hidden beneath a cloak similar to Isaac's. In his hand was a large mug, most likely filled with ale. There was always a benefit to being older, Isaac presumed.

"No, go ahead and sit Felix," Isaac dropped down his hood and turned to face his once friend turned enemy turned friend again. He could recognize the man's voice anywhere, especially after all the commands that he issued when they joined up in their journey.

"So I couldn't surprise you at all then?" the cloaked man sighed, taking a seat at the table and letting down his own hood. Long brown hair flew free as he did, stretching easily down his back. A young yet serious face turned to Isaac, cold brown eyes objectively examining him. "You seem to be doing well since you left, though your hair seems a bit longer than normal."

"No, not really," Isaac's thoughts still remained on Alex and the loss of Suhalla. He wouldn't feel any better until he caught Alex. However, Felix was right about his hair. The constant missions he received from various towns left him little time to cut it. "How are things in Prox?"

"The weather has become warmer since the Mars Lighthouse was lit, but other than that there is little change," Felix leaned back a little in his chair as he spoke, his eyes following the ceiling. "The elders sent me as a diplomat to Tolbi, though I don't have much to do."

"Then I might have something you can help me with," Isaac handed the note to Felix, explaining what he had seen in Suhalla.

"So, are you thinking that we should gather everyone together again to investigate this?" Felix asked, handing the note back to Isaac. Isaac was distant for a moment though, pondering the question.

"Yes, I think this is a leftover that we need to finish," he finally decided, turning his gaze to Felix. "We will need all the help we can get to defeat Alex. However, first we'll have to find Piers so that we can use the ship."

"Lucky for us that he's with me here then," Felix had a slight grin flicker across his face before it returned to its usual stoic

façade. "We can probably have the ship ready to go by tomorrow."

"Good," Isaac watched as Felix stood, his face disappearing as he drew his cloak over his head. "I'll meet you at the Tolbi docks in the morning."

"Alright," Felix started to walk away, though he quickly stopped to ask Isaac a question. "Have you come to terms with what happened three years ago?"

Isaac gazed deeply into his drink when he heard this, staring into his own eyes to determine his emotions from the turbulent storm within him. "I don't know, Felix. I don't know."

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The sun was rising low in the east when Isaac reached the Tolbi docks, his cloak abandoned now that he was out of the city. Ahead of him, a very special ship floated in the docks, the giant wings that lay hidden under the water one of its many secrets. The ship was without masts or sails, the enigma of its propulsion something that only the Lemurians knew. It was the only ship in Weyward that could fly, its systems completely powered by adepts.

"Wait, Isaac," a small voice caught Isaac's attention, calling out to him as he reached Piers' ship. Turning, he caught the sight of Sarah's small form running toward him. She slowed as she reached him, finally coming to a rest right before him. Though short of breath, she quickly grabbed Isaac's hand, transferring a small object into it. She looked down as she spoke, "Thank your for helping me."

Opening his hand, Isaac gazed down at the object, a silver chain that was attached to a small teardrop shaped vial.

Golden liquid filled it and calming warmth filtered through his glove from it. Isaac knelt down, laying a hand on Sarah's head and ruffling her hair slightly, "Thanks Sarah. I will treasure this forever."

With that done, he started up the blank, waving goodbye to Sarah before he disappeared from sight. As he walked onto the deck, he snapped the necklace around his neck, dropping the vial beneath his shirt for protection.

"You always were popular with the ladies," Isaac could hear a familiar voice call out to him as he neared the helm, a young Lemurians man standing tall before him. He had the same cerulean hair that all Mercury adepts possessed, though his yellow eyes placed him as a bit of an oddity. His clothing seemed to directly reflect the sea, not only because of his jacket, boots and pants were deep blue in color, but also the way his light blue bandana flowed behind his head.

Almost immediately, Isaac felt himself being crushed in a strong armed embrace from Piers, his body being compacted into Piers' turquoise shirt. Fortunately, Isaac was released before he was asphyxiated. Because of a Lemurian secret, Isaac was unsure of how old his friend was, however, he was certain that Piers didn't act appropriately for his age.

"If I remember correctly," Felix suddenly strolled into sight, his serious not betraying the humor he was about to convey, "there are stories told by Gareth about a girl named Feizhi and more than a few innkeeper's daughters."

"Perhaps it's his pure nature," Piers brought up his index finger up to his chin in a mock thinking posture. "If he were more like Gareth he would probably have children everywhere."

Isaac finally broke down, a heavy laughter escaping from his mouth as he bent forward. It had been a long time since he had been able to laugh so freely. As he recovered his breath, he finally greeted Piers, "Its good to be traveling with you again, Piers."

"Aye, that it is," Piers started toward the helm, grabbing its steering knobs with a firm grip. "As I understand it, we're it a bit of a hurry, so let's get moving."

"Where should we head first then?" Felix looked to Isaac, watching the Venus adept mull over a few options.

"Kalay first," Isaac decided, gazing out to the sea. "We should find Ivan and Sheba there, and it's closest to us."

"Alright!" Piers exclaimed as he funneled his psynergy into his helm, pushing the ship forward into the sea. As the ship picked up speed, it started to lift from the water, the giant wings attached the back beginning their work and taking it into the air with minimal effort. As the ship flew off into the rising sun, a young girl watched in amazement, slight tears running down her cheeks as she waved farewell to the adventurers from the port.

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The vast blue expanse of the Karagol Sea opened up below Isaac as the ship glided smoothly through the air above it. Isaac could recall the first time he had seen it, both he and Garet believing it to be the ocean. However, they wouldn't be able to traverse the ocean until much later, after the Venus Lighthouse had been lit. Yet, this sea was amazing by itself. It was here they had their first sailing experience; traversing the Karagol while defending the ship's oarsmen.

Unfortunately, the Kraken had also inhabited the sea. The battle was a particularly painful memory. The Kraken had released enough poison during it to kill them threefold. Yet through their teamwork, his friends had triumphed over the beast.

A sudden bitterness filled his mouth, the foul taste of his own memories polluting his senses. The power of he and his companions had not been enough. It hadn't been enough to accomplish what truly mattered.

"Dwelling on bad memories is never beneficial," Piers chose just that moment to cross over the deck to Isaac, holding a hammer that was ostensibly for repairs. The Lemurian had a keen eye for grasping the hidden thoughts of others, though he was surely no Jupiter adept. His ability was great evidence to the long life he had already lived. "Take it from someone who has had the chance to make quite a few."

"I still can't forgive myself," Isaac sighed, turning from the rail to face Piers. His hands felt heavy as he spoke, burdened by his own guilt. "I wasn't strong enough back then."

"We were all prepared that day," Piers kept walking toward the front of the ship. "However there are some things we cannot control."

As he continued walking, they passed over the docks on the eastern coast of the Karagol, well on their way to Tolbi. The sun was setting in the west however. They wouldn't reach Kalay until night fell.

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The adepts were fortunate that the ship had been fitted with landing struts when it had been upgraded to fly. It allowed them to land in a flat plain just outside of Kalay. They

certainly didn't have to worry about using ports to travel around. Those struts groaned when the ship landed, holding the weight of the ship. Together, the three adepts threw down the landing plank, crossing it to the ground.

A moonless night had already started; the bright stars the only illumination. Kalay's streets were devoid of their usual daytime activity, the city of traders already retired to their nighttime pursuits. Isaac, Felix, and Piers entered the silence of the town, their footfalls heavy as they crossed into the street.

"If I remember right," Felix spoke up, his voice shattering the quiet. "Ivan will either be at Hammet's palace or in his own house. Sheba was staying at the inn the last time I came by."

"I'll check the palace," Piers volunteered.

"I can check the inn," Isaac at least remembered where the inn was; though he hadn't heard that Ivan was now living outside the palace.

"Okay," Felix started off down a back street. "I'll check Ivan's house."

Isaac began his trek down the main street, recalling the first time he had been to Kalay. Back then Hammet was a prisoner in Lunpa. They had eventually saved him, but it was a strange escapade amid their normal adventure. A soft wind at the center of town broke him from his memories, its gust luring him to the west, the opposite direction of the inn.

A vast green meadow opened up at the edge of town, the tall grass flowing like waves in the sea. Isaac stared out upon the green expanse, feeling at touch with the Venus element. It had been a very long time since he had felt the

warm side of the earth element, but in this field he felt close to it.

Places like that were always peaceful to him. It made him miss the time he had shared with Garet, Ivan and Mia during the first part of their quest. They were always crossing across grasslands in between the towns while they were tracking down Saturos and Menardi. Yet despite the epic nature of their quest, the fields were always places where they were able to relax and develop deep bonds with one another.

Yet he could not keep his mind on that joyful feeling, his mind focusing on the reason he was in Kalay again. Even if they gathered their companions back together, Isaac still had no clue of where Alex was, though it was certain that Alex would attack again. However, that would also lead to more people getting hurt.

"You have a lot on your mind, fearless leader," a feminine voice gave Isaac a diagnostic of his own thoughts in a sarcastic pitch. Isaac turned to see a blonde girl sitting on the wall above him, her short hair playing in the breeze.

"It's nice to see you too, Sheba," Isaac sighed out, resisting the urge to shake his head. Sometimes a Jupiter adept's ability to read minds was a nuisance.

"If you're looking for Ivan, he's at Lama Temple," Sheba gracefully descended from her perch, her jump cushioned by a carefully controlled wind. Her white robes flowed with the wind, chasing after her purple cape as she readjusted herself.

"He's staying with Master Hama then," Isaac could understand why. Ivan had very many years of missed time with his sister to catch up with. "I need your help too."

"Should I read what happen or would you rather just tell me," Sheba's sarcasm had stemmed somewhat, her voice more gentile. She was aware of the privacy that people needed, something that was pertinent when a person could delve completely in the many secrets that Isaac's mind held.

"I'll tell you," Isaac grinned in thanks, telling Sheba what had happened in Suhalla and the cryptic note that he had found. Sheba took it all in stride, as if she had glimpsed part of what had happened already.

"We'll have to go get Ivan," she started back into town. "I'll be ready to leave by tomorrow morning."

Isaac watched quietly as she headed back toward the inn, turning back to the quiet meadow once she was out of sight. He breathed in the night air deeply, treasuring the feeling of an adventure that was long since over.

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The ship left with the rising sun the next morning, its dragon head cresting the clouds as they flew high to cross the mountains that surrounded the Lamakan desert. Isaac stood at the helm, funneling his psynergy into powering the ship from there to control its path. Finally, he reached the correct altitude, leveling the ship off so they could cruise down toward Lama Temple. Controlling the ship was draining, but all of his friends were used to it.

"Ivan has been worried about you," Sheba joined Isaac on the deck, sitting on a crate that was tied down near him. "Every time he tells a story about our adventure to anyone, he always ends up wondering about the one that went missing after the journey was over."

"I didn't go missing," Isaac sighted as he altered the ship's course slightly. "My journey just wasn't over after we lit the last beacon."

"Really," Sheba's voice cut through his excuse. "Did you keep traveling because you were needed elsewhere or because you couldn't stand what happened?"

Isaac gained a stoic façade at those words, hating that Sheba could cut through his defense so easily. His steady hands faltered slightly, allowing the ship to shudder once before he was able to regain control.

"You and Felix were always the ones who kept our group together," Sheba sounded almost dejected as she stood and began to walk away. "When you left he had a tough time keeping us in touch, and when he had to leave our bonds slowly tapered away."

Three thick lines of pain burned across Isaac's chest after Sheba had left, an old battle wound flaring up that had never properly healed. It was a remnant of their final battle on top of the Mars Lighthouse, a reminder of his own mistake.

The desert below came to an end as the sun was covered by clouds, the journey to Lama Temple nearly complete. Isaac brought the ship down swiftly; the landing struts skidding as he landed. He was never as good at landing as Piers. The dark skies overhead perturbed him; however he had little time to think of the sudden oncoming storm as the adepts prepared to leave the ship. A light rain flowed down upon them as the adepts made their way to the temple.

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Lama Temple was quiet as the adepts entered it; the only sound that of rain now pelting down heavily. Yet even that was odd. Though silence was normal at the temple, the absence of sound now had a strange air around it.

"Something is wrong here," Sheba observed first, starting forward in a rush up the steps to the main temple. The other adepts followed quickly after, their hands reaching to draw their weapons instinctively.

Felix and Sheba slid open the doors to the temple carefully, exposing the dark gloom of the night. The darkness encroached upon the four adepts as they entered the temple, the main room completely blotted from their senses. Though they couldn't perceive it, the main room was expansive, its white walls adorned with decoratively red supporting columns supporting the black roof.

As the adepts reached the center of the room a sudden light flared, mimics of it igniting immediately after to push back the darkness. It was then that a most horrid sight was revealed. The creatures that Isaac had faced in Suhalla had made their reappearance, crowding around the adepts menacingly. At the center of the room, a small blonde boy was being held up by one of the monsters, its giant arms gripping his limp body. On the ground, a solitary staff lay discarded.

"Ivan!" it took only an instant for lightning to cut a swath through the monsters' ranks, Sheba calling forth her control of the wind element to wreak havoc. Felix and Piers rushed in after the attack, Felix's sword and Piers' glaive cutting through the monsters easily.

Using a tactic that they had learned during their long quest, they brought down the monster that held Ivan with two swift

slashes, their blades tearing through its tough black hide. In a graceful move, Felix caught the falling blonde adept, taking only a slight reprieve before rushing Ivan out of harm's way. Isaac, Sheba and Piers were left to clean up the mess.

"We have to find the source," Isaac yelled while they hammered at the dark forces. His eyes scanned the room, looking for the familiar glow of the glyph that summoned the monsters.

A sudden roar from above alerted the adepts to danger, drawing their attention to the glowing symbols etched within a circle in the ceiling that burned red. A new monster, much larger than the rest was forcing its way through the portal. An elongated reptilian head started through first, its golden eyes glaring down rows of shining teeth. Giant horns flowed afterward, its long neck extending through to fill the most of the circular portal.

"Quick," Piers yelled, his mind analyzing the design of the summoning glyph. "Break the outer part of the circle!"

Sheba reacted first to the command, a destructive ray issuing forth from her rod and cutting through the air. It impacted with the summoning circle instantaneously, sending sparks flying as it carved through the ceiling. In only a few moments, the circle was broken, releasing the energy that allowed the monsters to stay in Weyward. The dragon's head was the last to disappear, its body cut off before it could reach the world.

The battle over, the adepts turned back, walking outside to check on the condition of their friend. Felix knelt over Ivan's limp body, applying his curative Venus psynergy to the boy's body. Ivan's normally brilliant violet tunic was torn

terribly, revealing the bleeding cuts of multiple slashes against his skin. His green shirt that he usually wore over the tunic was in complete shreds. In all of their travels together, Isaac could never remember Ivan being in this state. He had a fearsome battle before they arrived.

"It's not working," Felix looked up, mentally exhausted from his healing efforts. "I can keep him going for now, but he'll need real medical attention.

Behind him, Sheba reached her hand down and touched Ivan's forehead. As she did so, she concentrated, drawing up the memories of the last few days.

"He was helping evacuate the temple," Sheba suddenly spoke up, her eyes closed to the world. She suddenly released her trance, closing the connection between them. Her hand however, remained on Ivan's forehead, her touch a soft caress against his still bruised skin. "Once everyone was able to escape, the monsters overpowered him with their sheer numbers."

"We need Mia's help to save him," Piers reached down to pick up Ivan's limp body. "Psynergy isn't enough to heal him completely."

They immediately set out from the Temple, heading back to the ship. Isaac followed behind them however. Worry for Ivan lined his face, yet it conflicted with the one place he couldn't bring himself to return to. The fear he held inside of him was beginning to well up as the adepts left from Lama Temple and began to fly to the north.

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Isaac could feel the ship rock in the tiny cabin as they crossed the Goma mountain range. He corrected his posture

as he returned to concentrating his psynergy on Ivan, using the restorative powers of Venus to keep his friend in stable condition. Some time earlier that evening he had taken over for Felix, allowing him to rest from the exhaustive effort.

Next to Isaac Sheba sat, her body leaning forward to rest her head against Ivan's bed. Even while asleep, she still held tightly to Ivan's hand. No amount of arguing was able to deter her from staying next to Ivan.

The ship was getting colder the further north they ventured, a definite sign they were getting close to Imil. Isaac breathed a steady sigh as his strength was sapping away. Reaching into his pocket, he touched his hand against a psynergy stone.

An invigorating rush filled him, allowing him to continue despite the exhaustion. It was the third time during that night that he had relied on the stone to keep his power flowing. Though the psynergy stones did help recharge his power, it did nothing for the tired feeling that now permeated his muscles.

"I can't give up now though," Isaac again reached into his pocket, touching the stone again. He knew the constant recharge wasn't healthy for him, that it left him more drained each time he used it. Yet it felt like the price for his long absence.

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The ship came to a landing in the perpetual snow fields that surrounded Imil, sinking down into the soft snow before finally coming to rest. Their landing was hurried, their injured passenger prompting haste from the adepts. Yet Isaac still had moment as they threw down a plank to disembark to notice the bright blue light that encompassed

the sky. The Mercury Lighthouse shimmered in its full majesty, a testament to Alchemy's sheer power.

That faint moment was quick to pass however, as Felix and Piers carried the injured Ivan out from the ship, lying in a makeshift stretcher. Sheba and Isaac followed after them quietly, their melancholy evident as they entered the winter town of Imil.

There were few people out so early in the morning, exempting the one man who chose to exercise in the snow daily. Yet the few eyes that followed them were entrenched in suspicion, the feats three years past far from their minds.

Isaac grimaced under the stares, even recognizing a few of the people. After the chaos of the Golden Sun however, Isaac could understand why they would regard his group with veiled hostility. Habitually, he reached to his chest, feeling the scar that was once again flaming up as they continued down the snowy path to Mia's home.

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Mia's home had changed quite a bit since she had returned from her adventures. She had converted part of it into a small treatment area, including an extra bed so that she could help locals easily. The rest remained much the same, there was still a cooking area, her personal room, and a small reading area stocked with old and new medical tomes. She still did most of her work in the Sanctum, but Megan and Justin had taken over the most of the normal practice.

Mia was browsing through an herb book quietly, her long turquoise hair lying out loose beside her. Her cerulean eyes followed her pale fingers as they traced a drawing of a mushroom used to treat colds, a common problem in Imil. There was always the option of using the Hermes Water that

flowed from the lighthouse, yet she had found that it became less effective the more often it was used.

As she mentally debated her options in the availability of local herbs, her front door burst open, letting in a chilling wind that penetrated her thick white robes. Two nostalgic faces greeted her, causing her to rise up from her chair in disbelief.

"Mia, we need your help," Felix didn't give Mia time to greet them as he and Piers rushed Ivan into the house. Sheba followed immediately after them, coming in through the cold air and closing the door behind her.

"Move him over here," Mia instantly took command of the situation, her voice tinged with worry as Piers and Felix moved him to the small bed. She immediately began inspecting Ivan's body, motioning for Felix and Piers to go outside. They promptly obeyed, leaving Ivan in Mia's hands.

Outside, Isaac leaned against the house's wall, his yellow scarf wrapped tightly around his face and his hands ducked flat against his body. He was soon joined by Felix and Piers, who took a similar posture to fend off the cold.

"Are you sure you want to stay out here?" Felix turned to Isaac, his words nearly visible in the fog of his breath.

"There's nothing more I can do to help Ivan," Isaac spoke through his scarf, looking out over the white town stoically. His body was drained from the night before. He continued mostly to himself, but his voice still managed to carry to Felix's ears, "Besides, the last person Mia needs to see right now is me."

"Right," Felix's voice was barely a whisper. He turned to Piers quietly with a slight nod, starting south down the path.

"We're heading to the Sanctum while we wait then, don't stay out here too long Isaac."

Isaac watched them disappear down the hill before he sank down, taking a seat in the wet snow. He drew his legs up close to him, noticing that a light snow was falling down. Though it was frigid, his was too tired to care about it. Snow was not something he saw often, and he treasured the feel of it on his skin as it rained down. It was not long before he dozed off, falling asleep to the soft melody of the shifting snow.

Inside, Sheba watched Mia carefully apply salve to Ivan's wounds, her gentle hands working diligently as she covered the bruises. Ivan's breathing remained labored however. Mia looked up from him for only a moment, "Sheba, hand me that clear bottle on the shelf."

Sheba quickly complied, reaching out and grabbing the bottle. The glass was cool, yet a faint warmth emanated from the liquid within. Sheba had seen Mia use this bottle once during their travels. It was filled with Hermes Water.

Mia held Ivan's head up as she let the water trickle down into his mouth, letting the water flow into him. As the bottle was finished, Ivan's breathing slowed. The bruises started to fade, returning to his normal tan color.

"He'll be alright," Mia sighed in relief, moving to place the medicines she used back in their proper place. She then crossed the room, bringing back two wooden chairs for her and Sheba. As they sat down, Mia asked, "What happened?"

"Alex is back," Mia's face hardened as Sheba began her tale, starting first with what Isaac had told her of Suhalla. Sheba's voice faltered slightly when she spoke of the fight at Lama Temple, but it picked up when she reached the quick dash

north to Imil. As she finished Mia stood, heading over to her room to grab her heavy cloak. She motioned for Sheba to stay still as she headed for the door, "I'll go tell them that Ivan's alright."

Mia pulled up her white hood as she walked out into the chilled air, watching the snowflakes fall. To her left, she saw a familiar blonde man sitting in the snow. She kneeled down, trying to keep her face stern yet failing completely. A small smile formed as she reached out to brush snow off of his face, a single tear rolling down. Her hand strayed to his forehead, feeling the slight fever that burned on his forehead. Straining herself, she pulled the sleeping adept up, balancing him on her shoulder as she opened the door and brought him inside.

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Isaac awoke surprisingly warm. He was wrapped in heavy blankets, his back against a bed. His head turned, examining the room. He had little time to study his sparse surroundings however, as the single door to the room suddenly opened, revealing a flurry of sound. It was left open long enough to allow one person admittance, the voices outside returning to their muffled state.

"I see you're finally awake, Isaac," Mia walked over to the bed with her usual grace, something that Isaac never failed to notice. Isaac's throat was dry as she came to sit next to the bed. He tried to sit up, but found his arms weren't listening. "You always did really stupid things to help your friends."

She produced a few psynergy stones in her hand, dull from heavy use. They were the ones he had used to keep healing Ivan. Apparently, the borrowed time had caught up with

him, draining his body completely. He tried to smile, but all he could do was avert his eyes.

"You always do this," Mia's hand struck Isaac's chest. The strike was light, yet the emotional pain behind it was communicated instantaneously. Isaac could see the tears flowing down Mia's pale face as her hands rose up to hit him again. "You always try to take on everyone's burden on yourself."

"I'm sorry," Isaac's voice barely managed to choke out, but those words of comfort were to no avail.

"No you're not," Mia's tone was accusing, her long journey with him allowing her to see through his words. "You left all of us, just because you always blame yourself when bad things happen."

Isaac's scar suddenly flared, the old wound burning. He struggled, moving up his hand to rub it. Mia's hand stopped his however, pushing aside the blankets to hold it from its destination. Her other hand reached down, pulling up his blue shirt to scrutinize the scar.

As her hand ran along the three marks she winced, her back becoming rigid. One of her own scars flared up, her back burning slightly. However, she still managed to continue, until she finally spoke up, "You still blame yourself for what happened to me back then."

It was a question or an accusation; it was a statement of truth. Isaac could still recall the battle, as it was burned into his memory. The dragon that the Wise One had summoned was a powerful beast. During the fight he had let his guard down, and had paid dearly for it when the dragon raked its claws down his chest.

However that cruelty had not been enough for that sad day. Mia had rushed to help him during the fight, but because of that the dragon had taken its opening, inflicting a similar wound down her back. The other adepts had been able to win the fight without their help; but Isaac still blamed himself for the pain he had caused Mia that day.

"It's my fault," Isaac's voice had found some strength, but tears now flowed freely from his eyes. "If I had been stronger back then..."

"It's alright Isaac," Mia covered his mouth before he could say anymore. She was able to smile, holding back her own sadness. She held onto his hand tighter, letting him release the guilt he had carried for three years.

Suddenly, she released him, reaching down and pulling up her robes. Isaac couldn't turn away as she undressed from her normal heavy clothing, revealing her fair skin that was normally hidden. Yet he had little to worry about, as her undergarments still covered her from complete exposure. She turned to lay her robes down, revealing her back to Isaac.

The marks that had been so fresh in his memory had faded greatly over the three years, only dark brown lines now where they had once been bloody. Isaac stared at them in amazement, locked onto them partially from the shock of Mia's revelation, but also from relief.

Mia moved to sit on the bed, her back still turned to Isaac. Hesitant eyes looked back at him, a slight fear evident as she spoke, "Do you still not want stay with me?"

"No, Mia," Isaac reached forward, his hand caressing her scars. "This time I won't leave you behind."

There was little else to say after that. Outside a bright partial moon crested over the horizon, its light illuminating Imil in a smooth glow. Inside Mia's home the two adepts slept, their long awaited reunion finally complete.

The sun was just cresting the horizon when Piers ship finally took to the sky, its trek taking it south toward Mount Aleph and the village of Vale. With six of their eight original companions now together, the adepts were almost ready for their next journey, only the final two Valeans remained.

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The village of Vale had changed little from the one from Isaac's memory, despite that it had been completely rebuilt after the Golden Sun had devastated the area. As they flew over, groups of people began to gather, staring up at the familiar ship that was descending on the plains.

The crowd had grown to monstrous proportions as the adepts entered the village, the entire citizenry of Vale out to greet a group of legendary adventurers. At the head of the crowd were seven familiar people though. Gareth and Jenna stood at the very front with a much older Kraden, the three of them striding out to greet their friends. Behind them, both Isaac's and Felix's parents stood, looking on in joy as their children returned home.

Isaac could only smile as he started forward, his hand grasping Mia's as an old exhilarating feeling welled up within him. Here they stood at the precipice of their next adventure, all of them reunited once again.

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The End XD

Seriously, I think this ending fits the entire series very well. As much as I'd like to continue the story so they could beat down Alex, it would ruin the allure that the Golden Sun games had for me. I always like the idea of a constant adventure from the games, so I think this ending works well for it. (Also, I was running on 15 pages...I don't feel like writing much more than that.)

BTW, this story came from the last time I played the game recently. Thanks to a few cruel ruins and a hard melee attack, I lost both Isaac and Mia during the battle. That got me thinking of the emotional damage an incident like that could cause and this is what came out of it.

Oh, and check my profile, I uploaded a funny avatar now that I found out we can upload them. :D

I've also been debating with myself about actually ending The Coffeehouse story, but I don't remember where I was going with that story, so I think it's unlikely.

So seeya later.